Solutions to Everything

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Solutions to Everything

by shopfront

Summary

Mark wants to make a contribution to world peace. (Post-Season three)

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

He doesn't really think I'm going to leave if he hides and plays dead… does he?

Mark hammered on the door again, and listened closely to the complete lack of answer.

"I know you're in there, Derek. Your car is out front, and you've opened one of your ridiculously puny trailer windows since the last time I drove by. Just open the damn door!"

Why is he always so childish.

"You should know," Mark said conversationally to the trailer door while he dug around for his wallet, "I can still pick a mean lock with a credit card."

Mark pulled his Visa out and frowned.

"Or a library card, I can still pick a lock just as well with a library card as with a credit card." *Why the hell do I even have a library card?* "It's not like I need a New York library card anymore, so I might as well sacrifice it to a good cause."

Approaching the trailer door again had left Mark feeling remarkably skittish. He'd been driving around since Addison had called, periodically checking to see if Derek had gotten home yet (he knew better than to wait and ambush him at his own front door, that had never gone well in the past), but it was different now. It wasn't just a door leading into a trailer anymore; it was a door with a very probably cranky Derek behind it, just waiting to lash out. Again.

"You might as well give up and open the door, Derek. I'm coming in anyway."

At least trying to jimmy a door to get to a sulking Derek gave the whole thing a strange sense of normalcy.

"Why are you here?" Derek asked listlessly when Mark finally cursed and fumbled and forced his way in. He was sprawled on the floor in front of the bed, steadfastly staring at the ceiling instead of Mark

I miss you. I'm worried about you. I want you back in my life. I'm sor-

"Addison called me. Something about how we used to be brothers, and the closest thing you have to a good friend here probably isn't up to

dealing with your pouting. Oh, and something about Grey making an obscure speech and you refusing to talk about it, budge over."

Derek didn't budge, so Mark rolled his eyes and stepped over him to sit at the foot of the bed instead.

"Did you consider that maybe I just don't want to talk about it to either of *you*?"

"Nah, I know you. I've suffered through your sulking before, you can't fool me. What's going on with you and Grey?"

"None of your business," Derek huffed, and closed his eyes, like Mark was going to disappear in a handy puff of smoke if Derek ignored him.

"Maybe you're overreacting, you've always been good at that. Call her, or go buy her some flowers or something."

"Don't you ever go away?" Derek sighed, and groped around on the floor for something suitably heavy. Mark watched him for a moment in silence, and then carefully extended a foot past Derek's hand to push a boot out of his reach.

"How about... I promise I'll go away if you get off the floor and call Grey already."

"She won't be home, she's probably busy taking care of Cristina-"

"Oh, right. The getting-hitched thing didn't go so well, huh."

"-she's always busy with Cristina, because she's Meredith's *person*," Derek continued muttering at a low enough level that Mark had to strain to hear it.

"Cristina is Meredith's… wait, Yang and Grey? And you're complaining?"

Derek's face stayed suitably baffled long enough for Mark's face to split into a huge grin, and then his eyes flew open in indignation.

"You… she… Mark!" Derek spluttered and staggered to his feet while Mark almost hit the floor snickering.

"What are you anyway, jealous?" Derek huffed, but relented when Mark tugged him down on the bed by his sleeve. "Because if you are jealous, I could be your person. Then you and Grey are all equal with your respective people… things," Mark continued, and got nothing

more than an exasperated look for his troubles."

"Even if I was in the market for a person... you slept with my wife, Mark," he gritted out.

"You can't be mad at me forever, we were close once."

"Yeah, and then you *slept* with my *wife*."

"Right," Mark shrugs. "Well, I was Addie's person too, you know."

"Do you often sleep with your people? Why is that your solution to everything, just go have some sex?"

"If you think it'd help," Mark slapped on a suitably roguish grin. "You may not want to be my person these days, but I never stopped being yours. Your sexual desire is my command."

Derek stared.

"Too much?" Mark sprawled back on the bed next to Derek and smirked some more. "It always cheered you up before." This time, when Mark looked over, Derek had an arm draped across his eyes like he was wishing the whole world away, instead of just Mark.

So stubborn.

Mark slowly and carefully inched his way across the bed, only taking his eyes off Derek long enough to slip his belt off as unobtrusively as possible. By the time Derek finally dropped his arm to investigate the rustling noises, Mark was right up in his face. He was smirking again and reaching teasing fingers for Derek's own belt, persistent even when Derek half-heartedly flinched away.

"Grey's off getting steamy with Yang, you're getting steamy with me, and at the end of the day we might actually get the two of you to unwind a little. I'll consider it my contribution to world peace," Mark laughed, letting his breath sweep across Derek's pulse.

Derek shuddered.

"I think Meredith and I are finished." Derek sounded strangled, turning tortured eyes on Mark.

Mark froze.

This time, when Mark reached, it wasn't teasing. It was touching,

connecting, a hand tracing a belly, and a chin on a shoulder.

"I'm sorry." *I'm always here for you.*

"I know."

End Notes

Written for merihn for Greys Exchange.

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